The Wonderful Story of Illinois

A PAGEANT

By

Grace Arlington Owen

Issued by the

ILLINOIS CENTENNIAL COMMISSION

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This Pageant is arranged in two masques and three episodes and is suitable for high schools and community celebrations.

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Printed by authority of the State of Illinois.

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

PRINTED BY
THE ILLINOIS STATE JOURNAL CO., STATE PRINTERS
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

(5226—5M)

PREFACE

IT HAS BEEN the idea of the writer to create a Pageant worthy to celebrate the centennial of Illinois and fitting for community production.

The Pageant consists of The Masque of the Element, three Episodes centering about dramatic happenings in the history of the State linked together by descriptive lines, and The Masque of a Hundred Years.

In the two masques the development of the State has been treated from a symbolical standpoint, therefore making it available for wide interpretation and presentation. The episodes follow history and while the facts have been integrated so as to have acting form and dramatic quality, the story of the State has been followed. Wherever it was found convenient exact quotations have been made from authorities.

Beginning and ending as the Pageant does with the symbolical, it appeals to the imagination, quickens our thought and should fire us with a higher patriotism.

It is possible to separate this Pageant in several ways if so large a production is not desired. The Masque of the Elements and a local scene centered about the county could be given or the first Masque and the Indian Episode, again, the first Masque, a local scene and the last Masque would make a suitable celebration. The last Masque could be given alone if a short spectacular entertainment was wished.

As numbers make a Pageant impressive and spread the community interest, the opportunity has been made for large masses of persons to be used effectively in this material. Any Director will notice at once the possibilities of rehearsing this Pageant in groups and building it up gradually without the assembling of crowds of persons.

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THE MASQUE OF THE ELEMENTS

Persons of the Masque

EARTH, Representing the Prairies.
WATER, Representing the Rivers.
FIRE, Representing the Mines.
AIR, Representing the Wind.
ILLINOIS THE CHILD.
THE ATTENDANTS OF AIR.
THE ATTENDANTS OF EARTH.
THE ATTENDANTS OF WATER.
THE ATTENDANTS OF FIRE.

THE SCENE.

A prelude of wind instruments is played swelling out in mighty strains. Out of the darkness there comes a softly lighted woodland scene. There are no set arrangements of foliage or flower, but the effect is as Nature like as possible. On the stage are grouped three figures of noble bearing representing Earth, Water, and Fire. They are contending as to which one has the the greatest power. Earth wears robes of green with touches of palest gold. There is a golden crown on her head. Water is clad in blue of varying pale shades, long white hair and beard gleam forth, there is a crystal crown on his head, crystal on his gown, while in his hand is a staff of silver. Fire is dressed in a robe suggesting the color of flames verging from deep reddish orange to the palest shade of yellowish white. The use of several thin floating materials will suggest this better than one heavy one. A crown of light is on her brow.

EARTH.

Mine is the power by right inherent,
Behold them, they who dwell in my bosom,
Beasts of the fields and forests who wear
The glossy furs, who build in my rocks and
Play in the morning like light on the leaves.

(A murmur from the other two arises.)

Mine is the secret of life recurrent,
Of life abundant, free, for behold my
Flowers and vines and the fruit of the branches,
Behold the little birds that are singing
Day after day, the great birds that betwixt
The sun and me are flying, all these,
These do I shelter and nourish alway.

(A voice comes from each of the other two, "Mine, mine is the gift, mine.")

What have you, O Fire
Fit to compete with my gifts?

(Fire mutters, "Much, much.")

You are naught without me
For deep, deep down in my breast
I hold you magic stones,
Stones from which, O Fire,
Flames in triumph reach the skies.
I have hidden away
The flint, the lead, and the coal.

(Water raises his arm majestically to halt this speech.)

EARTH.

Water know you not,
I teach your rivers to bend
And in beauty to swerve,
I deck their shores with new life,
I order their path
Marking the way for the gleam
Of their glittering feet.
I reign supreme on thy shores.

WATER.

O Earth, you are deceived,
Your boasts are vain and wild.
There is no life but mine
Gone would be your fields and woodlands,
Gone the beasts and birds you love well,
If my waters did not ever
Search your secret heart of hearts
And whisper words of strength.
I cause the little birds
To sing for joy and I
Murmur all is well, is well, for
I am watchman of your gates and
Guardian of all your gifts so
There is naught without my power.

FIRE.

(Interrupting.)

Foolish are your words,
You cheat yourself with lies,
I am Fire the great
Who springs from earth to heav'n.
I ascend, I aspire
And light a thousand stars,
Kindle warming rays
Of sunshine glorious
Gild the beaming moon
That watches o'er our nights.

(A murmur of denial from the other two.)

I am power, I
Am strength, and I am life,
I am flaming fire
To lighten darkness, to warm
Depths beneath the earth
And mount on high supreme.

EARTH—WATER.

O, for a judge to settle our dissension.

WATER.

One to mete out justice.

FIRE.

Who is wise enough to decide?

EARTH.

Who will hear our cries
And give to our hearts
An answer?

(A great shout is heard, "I, I, I." (The Air or Wind dances on from the right with great abandon. She leads her sprites who start up everywhere out of the shadows, the shrubbery and entrances. They should have no set entrance but should give the effect of wild flowers springing up everywhere. The Wind is dressed in shades of grays and lavenders. There are floating scarves on her shoulders and arms. Round her brow is a floating veil. Her sprites reflect the color of her costume in their garments, only each one is clad in a single color of gray, violet, or dark gray. They carry floating scarves and dance lightly. After the cry of the Wind it is taken up by the sprites, then they fall to dancing.)

AIR.

I the symbol of the Air eternal
Come to quiet this contention.
Hearken to my words, O Earth, with prairies
Wide and free, O Water filled with
Energy and hope, O Fire with wealth no
One can measure, harmony and
Sweet peace must be your dwelling for before you
There lies a great and mighty task.

ALL.

What? What?

AIR.

Long will the reckoning be,
Days decline, new moons wane,
But your waters flow forever
And wash the sands of ev'ry shore.
And your fires burn brighter with the flame eternal,
Across your prairies go trails

That lengthen with the day's increase
And lead round the world.
For you must rear a daughter,
Give her riches, give her beauty, give her truth,
Far and wide shall be read her wondrous story,
Lo, she comes, the Child of Freedom, Illinois.

(As Air waves her wand, her sprites dance to the sides of the stage, a curtain of leaves falls at the back of the stage and down a long avenue between trees or tall shrubs giving an effect of distance comes a child, delicate, beautiful, symbolizing the new state. She advances welcomed by the Air who places her on a pedestal in the center of the stage. This has been obscured by greenery. It is now put in position by two of the sprites and the Air with ceremony stands by Illinois. Earth, Fire, and Water bow and the Sprites make reverence.)

AIR.

What will you give to your child so fair?
See, she stands innocent before you.

ILLINOIS.

What do you offer me?

ALL.

We give,
We give,
We give our all.

(They all move forward, but Air points to Earth.)

AIR.

You, O Earth,
What do you give?

EARTH.

The old eternal miracle of life,
Followed by the red wing black bird,
Thy bronzed children leave the golden corn within my heart.
It shall spring an army vast, spread its ranks on every side,
Decked in silver sheen with flowing plumes of silk,
It advances far as eye can see,
Till the moon of August looketh down on a goodly company,
That will stand in ranks of pale and faded gold,
Richest treasure have they,
Grains of gold within their clasp.

(A murmur, a rustling, then cries of "We come, we come, and from both sides pour in the attendants of Earth dressed in green and silver symbolizing the corn. They dance from either side and take their places about Earth.)

EARTH.

This shall the white man covet.
He would plant your fields forever,
He would rear a mighty state
With the wealth that springs eternal.
Builds he better than he knows,
Comes a time of sowing,
Comes a time of reaping,
Illinois, thou shalt be,
Keystone of a nation great and free.
Comes the old, eternal miracle of life,
In thy heart shall be sown,
Seeds of knowledge, seeds of unity and freedom,
Like the golden corn, they too shall spring to meet the light,
All the world shall share thy harvest,
All the world shall know thy name, Illinois.

(Fire and Water now move forward as Earth and her band retire to the sides of the stage.)

FIRE.

Hear me,
The cry of my desire.

AIR.

Speak, O Fire, what is thy offering?

ILLINOIS.

(Clapping her hands and laughing.)

What do you offer me,
O lovely Fire?

FIRE.

A gift beyond all measure
A gift beyond compare
For the sacred hearths of home
I bring you Love, to burn alway.
Love, Love to blaze thy beauty to the skies,
Love, Love to lead thy heart in gentle grace,
Cunning secrets of my magic sparks
Will I disclose to thee,
Thou shalt have inventions marvelous,
Space and time shall they outstrip.
Progress shall attend thy ways,
All thy steps lead onward, Illinois.

(There is a peal of music and from the long avenue at the back come the attendants of Fire dancing...They are dressed to resemble Fire and carry strips of silk that waving in the light gave the effect of flames.)

FIRE.

You shall build with golden fire
A kingdom for the world to see,
Mine the gift of Love,
Mine the treasure rare
To bring you joy and life sublime.

(Fire retires and Water comes forward.)

ILLINOIS.

What do you bring to me?

AIR.

Declare, O Water,
Fair and free.

WATER.

(Placing hands to lips like trumpet.)

I call,
I call.

(The attendants of Water dance on dressed as Water.)

Water of life,
For the strength of the morning shall be yours,
Streams of gladness shall run through your land.
My mighty waves shall turn the wheels of labors yet undreamed.
The voice of many waters shall speak to Thee,
Telling of commerce vast, and industries manifold.
Bright shall be thy future, Child of wonder, Child of spirit free,
With my gift you conquer, great shall be thy name, O Illinois.

(The attendants are dancing as he speaks.)

FIRE—EARTH.

Take mine.
Take mine.

(Illinois gazes rapturously at all of them and Air waves her wand for silence.)

AIR.

Out of discord cometh harmony,
Out of struggle groweth peace.
Give that ye may live forever.
All the elements shall mingle,
All shall blend, all shall shape themselves anew
To rise in beauty free from ill,
Give, I bid you give, give all, give all.

(She waves her wand and the great ballet of harmony ensues with the AIR, EARTH, WATER *and* FIRE *spirits. Cries arise, "We give, we give, we give"..Then gradually the darkness steals down and the scene is over.)*

(CURTAIN.)

PART II—EPISODE I

PROLOGUE, SPOKEN BY THE INTERPRETER

This Interpreter should be an Indian who speaks before each Episode and tells what is in the Episode and what is not. He is a picturesque figure standing at one side on an elevated platform against some great tree. He is not seen except before each Episode when a strong light is turned upon him.

INTERPRETER.

O Manitou, the book of writing now unfolds.
Give ear and listen to the story of a state.
There came the forest children, lithe and supple were
Their bodies, black their hair, while bronzed their faces seemed.
In battle they were bloody, bitter, vengeful foes,
And yet their savage nature bowed before Thy might
When all in meekness, gentleness and peace there came
A Priest of God to Illinois. Beside him walked
A brave civilian, born to daring, born to deeds
Of courage rare. Ah, Priest of God and bold civilian,
You sought to solve the riddling river's secret then,
You failed and yet you sowed forever golden seed.
Behold by countless leagues of prairies, over miles
Of water stern, Chevalier Robert de LaSalle,
Approaches with the dew of youth upon his brow,
And in his mind a purpose, in his heart a dream,
To find the passage to the great and shining ocean.
Swift moccassins had led him hither, birch canoes
Had safely brought him far. Behind him Frontenac,
Niagara, Detroit, before his eyes empires
Of wilderness where shall the golden lilies wave.
But see, before him spring his enemies like grass,
They compass him about as with a binding chain
Of prejudice, intrigue, jealousy and fear.
From all he arises like a tower strong and free,
With Tonty, faithful, galant comrade, self-contained
And self-controlled, the symbol of the pioneer,
A memory to burn, to live, and light the fires
Of new endeavor flaming far beyond the stars.

Persons in the Episode

CHIEF OF THE ILLINOIS.

OLD CHIEF OF THE IROQUOIS.

YOUTH, son of CHIEF OF THE IROQUOIS.

CHEVALIER, ROBERT DE LASALLE.

HENRI TONTY.

MONZO, A MASCOUTIN INDIAN.

SIXTEEN FRENCHMEN, of whom three are friars. RIBOURDE, MEMBRE, AND HENNEPIN.

THE MOHEGAN GUIDE.

SQUAWS.

CHILDREN.

IROQUOIS WARRIORS.

ILLINOIS WARRIORS.

FOREWORD.

This Episode is designed to show the Indians in possession of the fertile fields of Illinois. Hither come the French under the intrepid LaSalle. They are seeking for the passage to the Pacific, believing the mystery of the waterway will give them untold colonial wealth. Their alliances and friendship with the Indians furnish the base for many chapters of early Illinois history. If desired on account of local reasons, a scene showing Marquette visiting the Indians in company with Joliet could be used instead of the one with the Indians.

SCENE.

A woodland scene supposedly near the spot where Fort Crévecoeur was located. The Illinois have returned from an encounter with the Iroquois, tepees are in view and all the features of an Indian village. Squaws and children are engaged in preparing for torture, a victim who is led in by the warriors. The women heat willow bands at a small fire near the front of the stage so they may press them against his quivering flesh. The large fire is at the rear. The women are singing and chanting, the Chief of the tribe stands before his tent, his victim, a youth, son of the Chief of the Iroquois stands impassive.

CHIEF OF THE ILLINOIS.

Hear my voice, ye braves,
We sprang on the cowardly foe,
We beat down the bloody Iroquois,
Our hearts yearn
To take just vengeance
On the breed of treachery.
O Iroquois, tremble at our yell,
We strike to kill.

(Chorus of war whoops.)

BRAVE OF THE ILLINOIS

We will roast their son with fire.

ANOTHER BRAVE.

We will paint his scalp with red paint.
And hang it higher than any we have.

OLD SQUAW.

Give it to me. I will sing the scalp dance.
I will teach our young women how to rejoice.

BRAVE.

(Tossing her a scalp.) There is the scalp of the blackest heart of the lying Iroquois.

OLD SQUAW.

(Snatching it and starting to dance.)

He flew o'er the plains like a fox,
He shook like the leaf in the storm,
He slew the perfidious dog.

(She dances, holding up the scalp. Others join in and cries of "We cross the enemies lines, we leave him for the dogs to tear, we roast him with fire." *(The war cry rises from the Indians, and the women continue dancing.")*

INDIAN. *(Who has been crouching, rises and stands listening; shows some one is coming.)*

CHIEF OF THE IROQUOIS. *(Entering in full dress unattended, glances at fire, dance and victim, the Illinois Indians pause in amazement.)*

CHIEF OF THE ILLINOIS.

Why comes the Chief of the Iroquois to our country? What god has given him into our hand after we snared his son as we would an evil wolf?

CHIEF OF THE IROQUOIS.

My son has seen but few winters, his feet have never trod the war path but I have hung many scalps over the graves of my relations which I have taken from your warriors. Kindle the fire about me and send my son to my lodge.

ILLINOIS CHIEF.

You speak well. Great will be our rejoicing. Set the young man free and let him flee from us like ice before the sun.

(The son is loosed and with one glance towards his father who does not move, leaves. The Braves lead him to the fire at the rear and the women follow with their willow sticks and cries. The same Indian watch who heard the Iroquois Chief, now stands listening again. No one notices him.)

(Enter Monzo.)

ILLINOIS CHIEF. *(Regards him quietly.)*

MONZO.

Hail Chief of the Illinois! Hail, people of the war god's own! I bring you tidings.

ILLINOIS CHIEF.

Speak.

(A few turn to listen but most are intent on the burning which is supposed to be taking place at the bonfire. The flames are seen rising but the fire is not in plain view. Gradually the Indians come back and listen.)

MONZO.

LaSalle comes. He travels fast in a magic canoe for he is going down the great waters. There will he raise your foe like leaves on the trees. They will fall on your brave people like night and drive them from their lands which the great Michabo gave you forever. He is a spy of the Iroquois.

ILLINOIS CHIEF.

Are yours the words of truth, O brother?

MONZO.

True as the winds that blow, as the rain that falls.

ILLINOIS CHIEF.

We will know how to answer him, Monzo, when he comes.
We will guard the valor of our people.

MONZO.

Speak him fair, cunningly discourage him telling of the great Piasa bird larger than the buffalo that crouches on the bluff and eats human flesh. It carries a man in its talons as an eagle would a hare.

CHIEF OF THE ILLINOIS.

Your words are good.

(Indian gives warning that some one is coming, a whisper runs through the crowd that LaSalle comes, all turn that way. Monzo listens a moment then turns and steals out stealthily with a suggestion of fear that he may be observed or that some one may know that he has lied. Enter LaSalle and Tonty followed by LaSalle's men, sixteen in number, among whom are the three friars.)

LASALLE.

Greeting to you tribe of the Illinois, I come to you as a friend. You can do me good and I can do you good. We can be brothers. Let us smoke the pipe of friendship and shake hands. I am hunting for guides to lead me over the great river. I go to mark its course for the King of France. Will you guide me on my way?

CHIEF OF THE ILLINOIS.

If you pass down the stream, savage tribes will raise on either side. Neither numbers nor courage can overcome them. They will kill and eat you. Serpents glide through the waters. Monsters will greet you and gather you in their embrace. There is no escape. We do not go forth.

LASALLE.

The greater the danger the greater the honor. Even if the danger were real a Frenchman would never be afraid. Where is that impostor, Monzo?

CHIEF OF THE ILLINOIS.

I do not see him.

LASALLE.

No, but he has been here with his lies saying we were spies of the Iroquois. If he spoke truth, why did he skulk away? If we meant to make war upon you, we need no help from the Iroquois who have so often felt the force of our arms. Look what we have brought you. It is not weapons to destroy you but merchandise to do you good. If you still harbor evil thoughts of us be frank and speak them boldly. Go after the lying Monzo and bring him back that we may answer him face to face for he never saw us or the Iroquois and what can he know of the plots he pretends to reveal.

CHIEF OF THE ILLINOIS.

The Great Spirit has sent you here. We are his children and are pleased to see you. We will love and help each other. Monzo has the black heart of a snake.

(La Salle places the calumet of peace in the Chief's hands. He stands with Tonty giving orders.)

TONTY.

All your commands shall be obeyed.

LASALLE.

Father Hennepin, you are to take Anthony and Michael and press onward exploring the river. These Indians will give you counsel. God willing you may find the way to the Pacific.

HENNEPIN.

"I have no wish to expose myself to monsters but as anybody but me would be frightened with the danger of such a journey, I shall go even though I am the dupe of ambition."

(He mutters this last, not daring to say it directly to LaSalle.)

LASALLE.

My men, our boat the Griffin is lost. We can not go on without supplies. I will go back to Frontenac and will return with all you need. I charge you wait for me here under your brave Lieutenant Tonty, all save five men.

MOHEGAN GUIDE.

(Stepping forward.)

I go with you, always.

FIRST FRENCH MAN.

And I.

(Three others follow his example.)

TONTY.

We will guard the fort we have built near here. There will be much to do for we will build another boat to replace the Griffin.

LASALLE.

Call it Créve Coeur for here our hopes were blasted, our plans defeated, and our hearts broken. Now farewell.

(He grasps Tonty's hand, the Indians gather round, then, followed by his men, he leaves.)

TONTY.

Farewell, my Chief. Long may you live and safe return.

HENNEPIN.

I suppose I might as well start for the Pacific. I am no carpenter and care not to build forts.

MEMBRE.

You might preach to these Indians.

HENNEPIN.

You might do that while I go on my journey. I must set down my travels for posterity. I am a great writer.

(He grumblingly takes his leave, with two men.)

TONTY.

There is but one great commander and it is our honor to serve him. Robert de LaSalle.

FRENCHMAN.

I care not to work for him longer.

ANOTHER FRENCHMAN.

He has not paid us for months.

TONTY.

You know he has no money. He goes to get it. He is a man of honor and will pay all he owes.

FRENCHMAN.

I will build no boats. I shall seek other friends.

TONTY.

Go, you skulking dogs, unfaithful to a trust, go to the haunts of the Iroquois.

(They skulk out and at the same moment war cries are heard. The village is attacked by a small band of Iroquois. They rush in under the leadership of the youth who escaped the fire. The squaws shriek and grasp their children in their arms. Everywhere there is fighting and confusion. The two friars are seen praying in a tent. Tonty snatches a belt of wampum and advances towards the Iroquois. The young Brave leaps at Tonty and stabs him. Tonty staggers but does not fall. At the same time an Iroquois says as the Illinois rush forward.)

IROQUOIS BRAVE.

He is not an Indian. I felt his iron hand. It is *he.*

TONTY.

Yes, I am he, I am Tonty. You have heard of the great Father in Canada, the Count de Frontenac. I tell you he is the Protector of the Iroquois as well as the Illinois. He cannot see you destroy each other.

IROQUOIS CHIEF.

Our real trouble is that we are starving. Our march has frightened away the game so that we can expect to find but little on our return. We are in danger of perishing for lack of food.

CHIEF OF THE IROQUOIS.

We will give you food. Then go in peace.

(The Iroquois draw back to consult. The Illinois have driven all the invaders from the tepees and the large body of Illinois stand facing the Iroquois. Their orator advances and holding out six packets of beaver skins addresses Tonty.)

IROQUOIS CHIEF.

Take from the Iroquois children, a gift, O man of the Iron Hand.

(Holds out two packets.)

"The first two are to declare that the children of the Count de Frontenac, that is the Illinois, shall not be eaten."

(Holds out another.)

"This is to declare that the sun is bright."

(Holds out another.)

"This is to heal your wounds and this, *(holding out the last ones)* the last one, advises you to break camp and go home."

TONTY.

Who are you to come here demanding that we go home? This is the land of the Illinois. They are the children of the French.

(He kicks away the skins.)

I want none of your gifts. You are liars. Do what you ask others to do. Go before it is too late.

(He motions to those before him menacingly and at the same time flames start up about the village behind the tepees for the Illinois have fired the village to drive away the invaders. They turn savagely on the Iroquois as the scene fades away.)

(CURTAIN.)

EPISODE II

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY INDIAN INTERPRETER

Thy Indian child told Thee, O Manitou
When e'er he rose above his passions swift
A secret sacred, sweet and wonderful
To him the symbol four was wonderful.
For North and South, to East and West he looked,
Four elements he knew within his nature
Of Earth and Water, Fire and Air eternal,
Again this mystical notation comes
This strange enumeration in the flags
Flung out to greet Thy might and grace.
The first, the second, the third are emblems all
Of three attempts to gain and hold the heart,
The center truly, of this brave new world.
Desire did walk this way and one by one they rose,
The gaudy flag of Spain did yearn to float
Forever, then the lilies bloomed aloft and gleamed
Upon a field of gold. Next Britain's men
Would find the pathway toward the setting sun.
Today the fourth and greatest flag salutes Thee—
With colors born in Thy domain, red stripes
Of dawn, the blue of sky, and stars of light.

SCENE ONE

Persons in the Episode

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK
HIS MEN
FATHER GIBEAULT, PRIEST AT KASKASKIA
PIERRE, BROTHER OF ANGELIQUE
COMMANDANT ROCHEBLAVE
BLIND FIDDLER
ANGELIQUE, BELLE OF KASKASKIA
JANNETTE, A VOODOO WOMAN
INDIANS, COEUR DE BOIS, NEGRO SLAVES
CHILDREN, MEN AND WOMEN OF KASKASKIA

SCENE.

The town of Kaskaskia, a dance is just ending and the people are streaming home. The strains of a fiddle heard. Several groups cross the stage exchanging good-nights. There are old persons, young persons, children, Indians, several negro slaves attending their master. Lights show in the house of the Commandant to the right. The entrance to the church is at the left.

A YOUNG GIRL.

Pleasant dreams, Angelique. I know what Janette said.

ANGELIQUE.

You don't know.

GIRL.

I can guess she said that——

(She is interrupted by a burst of laughter.)

YOUTH.

Do you tell truly, Jannette?

JANNETTE.

I tell what I see.

(She half mutters this.)

BRITISH OFFICER.

Tell them the Long Knives are coming. They will cut off your curls, Mademoiselle Angelique.

ANGELIQUE.

(Tossing her curls)—They will find it a hard task, Monsieur. Take care they do not scalp you. Come Pierre, we must be at home.

(Exits haughtily.)

FIRST BRITISH OFFICER.

(To his friend)—Offended. The French damsels are proud. One never knows how to take them.

SECOND BRITISH OFFICER.

They cling to their own. You will have no luck my friend. Her heart is not for you.

FIRST BRITISH OFFICER.

We shall see what we shall see. Perhaps the old woman will tell me. *(Goes over to Jannette who has been fumbling in her bag for a charm.)*

I will give you this gold piece if you will tell me when I am to marry Mademoiselle Angelique.

JANNETTE.

(Regarding him narrowly)—I tell you WHEN. That easy.

FIRST BRITISH OFFICER.

Very well.

(Hands her money as his companion stands watching.)

JANNETTE.

You go far away from here. You go, you go south and east and you never come back to Kaskaskia. You marry Mademoiselle Angelique never—never—*NEVER.*

FIRST BRITISH OFFICER.

You old black hag. I've a notion to give you to the Long Knives. Don't you know they hang black folks on the trees and beat them for hours. Think what they would do to you.

(To his companion.)

Come along, the old fool is going to hoodoo me.

JANNETTE.

And what do the Long Knives do to Soldiers? Tell me that? *(She rocks to and fro screeching and wailing.)*

(The stage is now deserted by all save Jannette and the old blind fiddler who enters playing a plaintive air. A small boy attends him and carries a lighted lantern in one hand while with the other he gently pushes the old man along.)

FIDDLER.

Good night, Jannette, peace to you.

JANNETTE.

To you. Is every one gone home from the hall?

FIDDLER.

The Commandant Rocheblave left early. The rest followed his example.

(He pauses in his playing.)

It is a quiet night, one for mischief.

JANNETTE.

We shall see something before morning.

FIDDLER.

What?

JANNETTE.

I know not but I feel it in my bones.

FIDDLER.

(Laughing kindly.)

I play you the gay tunes to drive away the black shadows. Bon soir.

(He strikes up a lively air) Allez, mon enfant.

(EXIT.)

(Jannette exits. Darkness falls. The lights in the Commandant's house go out. There is silence for a moment then shadowy forms are seen gliding about. They resemble Indians and come stealthily into view, one tall figure steps out into plain sight. He is George Rogers Clark. He is wearing buckskin clothes, moccassins, and a cap of fox skin with the tail hanging down his back. A tomahawk, a scalping knife, and a powder horn are in his belt. He carries a flint lock. His men resemble him in dress.)

CLARK.

SEIZE Rocheblave and bring him thither. That is his house. Remember no bloodshed. The place is ours if we scare them badly. They have heard fearful stories of The Long Knives. Then I shall tell them that France is our ally. Are you ready? The rest to your posts.

(They scatter in the darkness)—(In a moment Rocheblave is brought in sleepy and surprised.)

ROCHEBLAVE.

What is the meaning of this? How dare you invade the land?

CLARK.

This land is now under the flag of Virginia. One does not invade his own land. We are Virginians.

ROCHEBLAVE.

Virginians! They are a low race not equal to Indinas.

CLARK.

You will find they are to be obeyed.

(To his men.)

Take him away. We will send him to Virginia and let him see what they are like.

(He whistles softly as the men obey him and instantly shouts, yells and cries arise. The town people come running in greatly excited. Some of the old ladies in their padded gowns and night caps. The children are crying, there is terror everywhere. Jannette enters and crouching at the side of the stage moans and cries. One of the Virginans speaks to a villager.)

CLARK.

No talking with these people. My orders are to be obeyed.

(His tones are fierce and the people who are steadily gathering are much terrified. The priest goes about trying to comfort them as do some of the old men of the town.)

PRIEST.

(To Clark.)

Sir, my people realize they are about to be separated as that is the fate of the conquered. Perhaps they may never meet again. They request you grant them the privilege of meeting in the church to exchange farewells and commend their future lives to a merciful God.

CLARK.

Very well, Americans do not interfere with the beliefs of others but let everyone worship God according to his convictions of right. Assemble in the church but on no account must any one leave the village.

PRIEST.

Thank you, sir.

(The people pass into the church. One of Clark's men is seen talking to a British officer.)

CLARK.

Bring that man to me. Seize the Officer. *(There Virginians do his bidding.)*

(To the Virginian.)

You heard my order?

VIRGINIAN.

I thought it would not matter if I talked with these soldiers.

CLARK.

Your business was to do as you were told. Put him in irons and these men too.

(As his orders are obeyed, Jannette walks up and down wailing. She looks at the British Officer as she says):

JANNETTE.

You go a long ways, you never come back.

PRIEST.

(Advancing from the entrance of the church.)

Sir, we would speak with your leader.

(He has some difficulty in recognizing Clark as the men are all dressed alike.)

Sir, we would thank you for the favor you have given us.

CLARK.

It is nothing.

PRIEST.

We are so far away here in the wilderness we know but little of the affairs between England and her colonies but ours is the fate of war. We are ready to submit but you have been so kind as to allow us to worship God that we make bold to make certain requests of you for our people.

CLARK.

Proceed.

FIRST OLD MAN.

We are willing to turn over our property to you but we ask that you do not separate our families when you drive us away.

SECOND OLD MAN.

And we would ask that you let us take from our homes a few clothes and such food as will maintain life until in a new land we can build us homes again.

CLARK.

Is that all?

THIRD OLD MAN.

Yes, sir, that is all.

CLARK.

Call your people from the church. I would speak to all of them.

(Priest does so rather timidly but still anxious to hear the reply.)

CLARK.

Your priests and elders of this village have made certain requests of me. What, do you mistake us for savages? Do you think Americans will strip women and children and take the bread out of their mouths? My countrymen do not make war upon helpless innocence. It was to protect our own wives and children that we penetrated this wilderness and subjugated Indian barbarity not for the despicable object of plunder. The King of France is the ally of the colonies and the war must shortly terminate. Embrace which side you deem best and enjoy your religion for American law respects the believer of every faith. Now to convince you of my sincerity you can dismiss from your minds any fears concerning your property or your families. Conduct yourselves as usual.

(Silence for a moment. Then many people fall on their knees.)

PRIEST.

Sir, we would thank you.

CLARK.

No thanks, merely justice.

(One of the old men enters the church, then the bell is heard ringing merrily. The people turn to the church.)

PRIEST.

Let us give our thanks to God and celebrate this day of greatness.

(Some enter church to pray. Fiddler enters, begins to play, the young people begin to dance as the scene ends.)

SCENE TWO

PROLOGUE BY THE INTERPRETER

Give ear, O Manitou, the changing years advance
With them they bring new ways, new thoughts through all our land.
On Freedom's floating flag burned twenty silver stars
There rose another, never wavered, never failed
But shone with Truth's own light, a messenger of dawn
A harbinger of gracious good, O Illinois.
Within her borders grew dissensions bold and long.
There raged for many months a struggle bitter, strange.
Through all her sturdy homes by all her hearth stones warm
Was heard the fiery word, was read the warning text.
From many men, from many minds came one to lead
Through toil, anxiety, abuse he fought and won

PERSONS IN THE EPISODE.

GOVERNOR EDWARD COLES.

THE REV. JOHN MASON PECK.

BILL, AN ARDENT ADMIRER OF THE GOVERNOR.

TOM HIGGINS STAGE DRIVER.

AN IMMIGRANT FAMILY.

CITIZENS OF VANDALIA AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

AUNT CHARLOTTE, FORMERLY ONE OF A FAMILY OF NEGRO SLAVES OWNED BY GOVERNOR COLES.

GEORGE, HER BOY.

SCENE.

Vandalia, August 2, 1824 at the time of the election held to decide whether a convention should be called to consider a new constitution that would permit slavery in the state. The setting is supposed to be near Flack's hotel, the leading inn of the place and in an open space where it would be natural for the people of the town to assemble. Vandalia is now the capital of the new state and the "Question" as the move for the convention is called has taken the uppermost thought in every one's mind for the last eighteen months.

It is afternoon of an August day and there is a stir of great excitement, groups of people are seen standing about arguing. Two men are carrying a crippled third, who is very weak and frail, in a chair made of their locked hands. He is so feeble he can not hold to them and they move slowly. Evidently they are bent on an errand of much importance. One man of a group standing near the center front comes down towards them. He speaks. He is a typical long, loose-jointed fearless son of the Middle West and answers to the name of BILL.

BILL.

Hey, you fellows, so you got brother Nate at last. I tell you "The Question" is going to be settled this day. Governor Coles will have his wish.

ONE OF THE MEN CARRYING THE INVALID.

He's awful weak, pears like maybe we wouldn't get him there.

SECOND MAN CARRYING INVALID.

We'll get him there, you're all right aint you Nate?

NATE.

Is it very far now?

FIRST MAN.

No, pretty near, then you'll vote, lucy you're here to vote.

BILL.

How's he going to vote?

SECOND MAN.

He's going to vote right. We got to raise some money in this state. Its coming to a pretty pass when no one will settle here.

BILL.

You mean he's goin' to vote for the Convention?

FIRST MAN.

He be. Soon as we get him there.

BILL.

Him with one foot in the grave and the other falling in a goin' to vote for makin' his fellow creatures slaves. You ought to be ashamed. Like as not the pore thing don't know what he's doing or where you be taking him. You pretending to be men and doing a thing like this.

(As he is talking a mover's wagon has slowly made its way being driven circuitously across the scene. A man and woman with two miserable tow-headed children are seen in it. They are evidently of a poor class mentally as well as materially. A lank, lean horse is hitched behind the wagon and a faded, discouraged cow. Their wagon is drawn by one miserable creature.)

SECOND MAN.

Me ashamed, we got to do something for this country or nobody won't want to live in it. Ask that fellow coming *(pointing to mover's wagon)*. More than likely he won't want to settle this side the Mississippi.

BILL.

Who'd want him?

SECOND MAN.

That's what I say, even *he* wouldn't live here

(They move on and several of the groups that have been in knots and small groups arguing come forward listening, some nod approvingly, others are deeply moved in smpathy with Bill. The crowd is equally divided in its sentiments and does not hesitate to gesticulate and grow noisy. One of the men calls out to the immigrant as the two men carrying the invalid pass on to where the election is being held.)

THIRD MAN.

Friend, a word with you.

IMMIGRANT.

Me?

THIRD MAN.

Yes, you, have you a vote?

IMMIGRANT.

What for?

THIRD MAN.

We're voting today on "The Question."

(Voices from the crowd arise shouting information.)

A VOICE.

They're trying to make Illinois a slave state.

SECOND VOICE.

We need a Convention. *(Joined by many voices,)* "Convention or death," "Vote it down, vote it down." "This is a free country," "We ain't going to have slaves," "You don't know what we be going to have." "If you have a vote come down off that wagon." "Convention or death," "Convention or death." *(This ends in hoots, yells, cries and the like.)*

IMMIGRANT.

Well, I got no vote.

THIRD MAN.

You going to live here?

IMMIGRANT.

Mebbe.

THIRD MAN.

Why don't you settle in Vandalia, going to be the greatest town in the state.

FOURTH MAN.

Van and Dale, that's it, the dale that's ahead of them all, in the van just where we are now, Mister.

A DRUNKEN MAN ON THE EDGE OF THE CROWD.

Tain't so, named for Vandals, a famous band of Indians—most famous Indians in history.

BILL.

Shut up.

THIRD MAN.

(To Immigrant.) If you're stopping hereabouts maybe you can vote if you are going to live here.

(A colored woman appears in the crowd with a half grown boy, she is in great distress and seems frightened, but the crowd intent on the affairs of the day take but slight notice of her. She makes her way cautiously amongst them working down towards the side and front of the stage.)

IMMIGRANT.

(Who has slowly climbed down out of his wagon). You think I would live here?

BILL.

We got the best state in the country, and the best Governor, *(A voice says, "That's what you think"),* the most fertile soil, there ain't none like it.

IMMIGRANT.

Well sir, your sile is mighty fartile but I wont stop here in Illinois. I'm goin' to Missouri, goll durn you, cause a man can't own niggers here.

BILL.

(Rushing forward.)

Goll durn yourself, you with nothing but *that, (pointing to the Immigrant's outfit),* talking about buying niggers, you ain't got plunder enough to buy a cat. Let me get at you.

(He is about to rush at the Immigrant, rolling up his sleeves for a fight, but is restrained by a ministerial appearing man who enters at this moment and is the Rev. John Mason Peck.)

PECK.

Softly, anger will not avail, let the man go where he will. We need none of this kind here, there are too many of them as it is now.

(Bill retires a little shame-facedly and starts conversation with another group. The Rev. Mr. Peck goes to the Immigrant who has climbed back into his wagon.)

PECK.

Brother, let me give you this Bible. Take with you the word of God and may it bring you understanding.

(The Immigrant takes the book in an awkward way and drives off with no further comment. The crowds are arguing and looking at specimen ballots also at copies of the Vandalia Intelligencer and grow violent over their reading. Cries arise—"That paper's anti slavery." "It ain't fair." "You ought to read the Edwardsville and Kaskaskia papers." "Come on and see how the 'lection goes." This starts the crowd and they move in a surging mob out of sight presumably to the balloting place. The old colored woman makes her way to the minister. He turns and seeing her evident distress says in a kindly manner.)

PECK.

(Much surprised looks at her and recognizes her.)

What! Why, its Aunt Charlotte to be sure. What are you doing here, is anything the matter? You must not be frightened. The Lord will be with us this day.

CHARLOTTE.

Massa Peck, whar's the Governor?

PECK.

At his home.

CHARLOTTE.

No he ain't. I don bin there, Massa Mason I just got to see the Governor. I come a long ways.

PECK.

Now, can't you wait till after the election, Aunt Charlotte? Governor Coles has worked so hard and has had no rest for days and days.

CHARLOTTE.

I waited mos all dis day say and I can't wait past sunset, Massa Peck, de Governor, he gwine see me, he never refused none of his people nothing and my mother and daddy were his slaves, me too, Massa Peck, an he gwine be awful sad if I don't see him, you go fetch him here to see me, please Massa Peck, I gwine wait heah, me and George, my boy, please I gotta see him. *(She sinks to her knees.)* I walked miles and miles to see him, from way down by Edwardsville.

PECK.

(Raising her.)

But Aunt Charlotte, you wouldn't want the Governor to leave his important business right at once—perhaps in an hour or—

CHARLOTTE.

Massa Peck, please, I knows de Governor, ax him what I tell you, I ax you in de Lord's name to go now.

PECK.

I don't understand Aunt Charlotte, but I should not want to turn away any distressed child of Our Father. You will wait here?

CHARLOTTE.

Over behind dat bush, me and George. *(Going toward it.)*

PECK.

I shall not be long, I think I can find him.

CHARLOTTE.

Praise Gawd.

(She and the boy by semi-stealthy steps go behind a clump of shrubbery to the left and are not noticed. A violent outbreak now occurs in the returning crowd to which have been added women and children. A man is answering Bill who is the center of the thickest argument.)

FOURTH MAN.

I tell you this Convention ain't wholly for settling the question of whether we can hold slaves in Illinois.

A VOICE.

You're holding them now without paying for them, got them bound out to you for thirty years, that's as bad as slavery.

FOURTH MAN.

Hear me, this Convention is going to improve the city of Vandalia. It is going to raise the price of all your lots by making the Kaskaskia river navigable and bringing great business here. That is to be one of the most important measures.

THE DRUNKEN MAN.

Who's goin' to nav—nav—navigate the Kaskasky?

FOURTH MAN.

(Holding out ballot.)

Can't you read? See it says plainly, new Constitution and that Constitution is going to improve the city and the river so boats can come here.

BILL.

You didn't read the rest of it where it says about negroes and mulattoes. Its a lying, deceitful piece of paper.

DRUNKEN MAN.

Navigate—navigate the Kaskasky river. Why turtles run aground there in that river, its so low. I can drink it up on a hot day and not half try. Nav-nav-navigate the Kaskasky.

BILL.

Thank God, we have Governor Coles. He knew you for the dirty crooked liars you are.

THIRD MAN.

You wont have him long. The most influential men in this state are for the Convention and he will be dependent on us. He's spending all his money on this election.

ANOTHER MAN. *(Less educated.)*

I'm tired of this argufying. I'm a white man, I'm a white man, I'm a white man,

(As he speaks, he jumps up and down.)

I'm goin' to live in a state where a white man can have his rights and own niggers.

BILL.

(Goes at him and knocks him down.)

None of that, you're a disgrace.

(He turns fairly on the rest of them.)

Come on, I am ready for all of you. I'll fight all of you, men for man, and any one that says a word against Governor Coles I'll lick him twice.

(A horn is heard, it is the Overland stage for Effingham driven by Bill Higgins. Every one starts, and the fight dies down, the man who was knocked over crawls off and finally gets up, the drunken man is murmuring to himself about the Kaskaskia river. Everyone is expectant, and straining his eyes.)

THIRD MAN.

Tom Higgins is making a fast trip.

FOURTH MAN.

Like as not he has brought in some more voters.

A VOICE.

Tom Higgins has brought some voters to save the honor of Illinois.

(The six horse Overland stage comes in with a great flourish. There are several passengers who climb out, watched by the crowd. Tom prepares to dismount, gives the horses reins to a boy who stands waiting to lead them away to the barn. Cries arise, "How is it Tom. What do you hear about the Question? Only twenty minutes and the elections over. How did you make it ahead of time?"

TOM.

(Marshalling his passengers.)

This way, I'll get you there in time to vote.

(To the crowd.)

Clear the way, here comes more votes to keep this State free—free as it was admitted to the Union and as the Lord intended it.

(A burst of cheers follow this announcement. Some mutterings are heard. Tom turns.)

TOM.

Anyone wishing to settle this trouble step out, I'm waiting, or else follow me peaceable to the election, you'll be just in time to see it close.

(They open the way as he leading his band of passengers marches belligerently away followed by the crowd. The stage is driven off. The Rev. Mr. Peck and Governor Coles enter.)

PECK.

She said she would wait here. She was in great trouble, Governor.

GOVERNOR COLES.

Aunt Charlotte, are you sure? I remember her, but I haven't seen her for many a day.

PECK.

I'll get her.

(He goes to shrubbery and calls. She and George come slowly out. When she sees the Governor she is delighted as a child and rushes to him.)

GOVERNOR COLES.

(Kindly.)

Aunt Charlotte, isn't it? You've come a long journey.

CHARLOTTE.

Massa Governor, you ain't gwine allow dem to tech me or mine. You gwine help the ole woman ain't you, Massa Governor?

GOVERNOR COLES.

Tell me what is the matter.

CHARLOTTE.

They gwine take George away from me again tonight right after it gets dark. I seed the men in the crowd today. I ben runnin' away from dem ever since I left home.

GOVERNOR COLES.

They are going to take George? Why is he?

CHARLOTTE.

My boy, Massa Governor. Dem kidnappers dey took him last spring when I was workin' over to de ribber, and he's my last one sah. I lost all de others by sickness and I wants to raise him.

GOVERNOR COLES.

But I thought you said he was here.

CHARLOTTE.

He is, Massa Governor, he is. He run away from dem kidnappers, he run away back to his mammy and I took him and we sarts out to find you, Massa Governor, kaze I told him you would take care of us. We trabble over de prairie and folks give us rides and we get here this morning, then in the crowd here for the 'lection Georgie sees one of dem kidnappers. He's afraid and the man see him but he don't dare do nothin' in the day time, but he's been watchin' us and he was boastin' up to the hotel how he was gwine get his nigger.

GOVERNOR COLES.

He is your son, Charlotte, and no one shall take him from you.

CHARLOTTE.

Dat kidnapper say after de 'lection get froo today nobody gwine to care what becomes of we colored folks. *(Cries.)*

GOVERNOR COLES.

No Charlotte, that cannot be. Listen to me, you trust me, don't you?

CHARLOTTE.

Of course I do, Massa Governor, didn't my Daddy and my Mammy and me belong to you and didn't you free us all, and give us land.

GOVERNOR COLES.

Then bring George to me.

CHARLOTTE.

(Goes to bush and after many soothing terms brings the half grown boy out and takes him to the Governor.)

GOVERNOR COLES.

A fine boy. You are not afraid to stay with me.

BOY.

(Looking at him.)

No sir.

GOVERNOR COLES.

(Taking boy by hand.)

Charlotte, George, I brought your people to this state that you might be free—free as I am and at liberty to do what you pleased—to go when you pleased. Five years ago as our boats were making their way along the river on our journey here I told your people, who had, I regret to say, been my property, that they were their own masters and promised to help them establish themselves in a new land. Do you think I would desert you now?

CHARLOTTE.

No, Massa Governor.

GOVERNOR COLES.

Tonight George shall stay in my room and I shall not rest until his pursuer has been punished and driven from this State forever.

(To Peck.)

This is but another example of that barbarous kidnapping that has blackened our record in Illinois. If this Convention plan is not defeated we may as well write the epitaph of free government on its tombstone.

PECK.

I'll take care of the boy for you this afternoon.

GOVERNOR COLES.

Very well. George, go with this gentleman. And Aunt Charlotte, what about you? Have you friends here?

AUNT CHARLOTTE.

Yes, Massa Governor. My cousin is cookin' over to the hotel. I'se gwine there—the old woman can rest now with you takin' care of George.

GOVERNOR COLES.

Come to see me tomorrow morning after ten and I'll see you are sent home safely.

CHARLOTTE.

Thank you, Massa Governor. Thank——

(Shouts and hurrahs arise.)

GOVERNOR COLES.

(To Peck as they walk toward the left entrance.)

What is that?

PECK.

The voting is over and I suppose both sides are celebrating a little in advance.

GOVERNOR COLES.

We shall soon hear how it has gone in Vandalia.

PECK.

And that will give an idea of the State's vote.

(Charlotte has started to leave and is seen making her way down the path towards the rear of the stage. Two rough looking men stop her. She resists them and they take hold of her.)

GOVERNOR COLES.

This kidnapping has come to be looked upon with perfect indifference—it must go in order that this State may be true to the principles of the Ordinance of 1787.

(His attention is caught by Charlotte's cries of "Massa Governor.")

THE KIDNAPPER.

Shut your infernal cries. We got you. Now tell us where the boy is. You know he is our nigger, don't you lie.

CHARLOTTE.

He isn't.

KIDNAPPER.

(Raises his hand to strike her.)

Tell us where he is or I'll beat you.

GOVERNOR COLES.

(Stepping to center.)

You will do nothing of the kind. Release that woman.

KIDNAPPER.

Who are you?

SECOND KIDNAPPER.

There's the boy.

(Starts towards him.)

GOVERNOR COLES.

Stay where you are, do not attempt to come one step nearer. I am glad to have seen you face to face, now I know you. And be assured you will be prosecuted and driven from this State.

FIRST KIDNAPPER.

Who are you, to drive us out?

GOVERNOR COLES.

I am Edward Coles and while I am a citizen of Illinois no abuse, no labor, no anxiety will be too great if it prevents the institution of slavery being fastened upon this state.

FIRST KIDNAPPER.

I know you, the man who wants to make this country no account. Here we have good land, give us plenty of niggers I say, and the people won't have to work, they'll get rich without it.

GOVERNOR COLES.

My friend, this State does not need slavery in order to rise to heights of power.

SECOND KIDNAPPER.

I bet you find yourself without money or friends a year from now riding a porcupine saddle on a hard trotting horse.

GOVERNOR COLES.

What happens to me is of little importance, but what is important and what must come is liberty for *all* men in Illinois.

(Cheers and shouts are heard off the stage.

Tom Higgins and Bill enter.)

BILL.

(Excitedly, taking Coles by hand.)

Governor—Governor, the Convention's defeated in Vandalia.

PECK.

That is the Lord's work.

TOM.

And that means the State. You'll see the Convention's going to be snowed under. Hurray.

GOVERNOR COLES.

I rejoice to hear it. This is good news indeed. Tom, Bill, you see those men. They have tried to steal Aunt Charlotte's boy. I want you to take them to the jail. They will be dealt with as they deserve.

(Tom and Bill seize the men and take them out struggling.)

GOVERNOR COLES.

Don't forget, Aunt Charlotte. Come tomorrow morning.

(He starts away.)

CHARLOTTE.

(She watches him until he is nearly off the stage.)

I'm gwine with you now, Massa Governor. I won't be no trouble, just go and help in the kitchen, but I'm gwine with you because den I know I'm safe.

(He looks at her very kindly. She and George follow Coles and Peck.)

(CURTAIN.)

EPISODE III

PROLOGUE BY INTERPRETER

Great Spirit, on this story speeds in woe.
Discordant powers rise to rule the land
But yet the march of Time bears Freedom's flag
And from the prairie's heart, from clearest waters
And purest fiery flame, is given to Thee
A mind to consecrate to service for mankind,
To the faith that by the right comes might.
Throughout the ages may he stand serene.

PERSONS OF THE EPISODE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
GOVERNOR YATES.
JOHN M. HAY.
J. G. NICOLAY.
WARD H. LAMON.
DR. W. M. WALLACE.
N. B. JUDD.

NEIGHBORS OF THE LINCOLNS, FRIENDS, MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN.
OLD PREACHER, SERENA BIXBY, KEZIA, MESSENGER BOY, NEWS BOYS.

SCENE.

Springfield, early morning, Feb. 11, 1861, at R. R. station. The rear platform of train visible, station supposed to be at right, crowds of people gathering. It is a gray morning and the crowds come silently, there are the solid citizens of Springfield, county people and some of the extreme "Sucker" type. These have evidently driven a long way. There are men, women, and children.

OLD PREACHER.

Good Morning, Sister.

SERENA.

'Pears like it was goin to be a bad mornin. I don't like the looks of it.

KEZIA.

You were right smart to get up so early to come this far.

SERENA.

I was set upon it. I'm seein a prophecy fulfilled.

PREACHER.

Are you, sister?

SERENA.

When Abe Lincoln was riding the circuit he stopped at my house one day right after dinner. I had nothing to give him but bread and milk, little enough of that as I remember, but he got up after he ate it and said it was good enough for the President of the United States.

KEZIA.

Wasn't that remarkable.

SERENA.

And I rode ten miles this morning to get here. That was a sign. I've knowed it ever since.

(Newsboy enters calling the Illinois State Journal. Several persons buy eagerly.)

CITIZEN.

(Reading paper.)

That looks bad. I don't like that.

SECOND CITIZEN.

War is certain.

THIRD CITIZEN.

No question, the Southern States are only waiting for a chance to secede. See how this fellow in Pensacola acted. The country has been going to pieces for months.

(Entrance of Gov. Yates and party. He buys a paper, as do several others.)

MEMBER OF YATES PARTY.

The news is worse and worse.

GOVERNOR YATES.

And there will be worse.

MEMBER OF HIS PARTY.

You feel assured we cannot avoid war?

GOVERNOR YATES.

It will come and Illinois has a great part to play. Look at the geographic position near the center of our nation. We have a great water way that will be one of the main highways between Canada and the South. You could cut this country in two by getting possession of the Mississippi and sending an army through Illinois.

CITIZEN.

God grant it may never come.

A WOMAN.

No, nor that it ever come.

MESSENGER.

(Coming out of the station.)

Governor, they want you to come in and see Mr. Lincoln. He is waiting until the train is ready to start.

GOVERNOR YATES.

(Turns to go and bows to several persons he recognizes in the crowd.)

A gloomy morning to be starting away on such a great undertaking.

(EXITS.)

SERENA.

It is a dark day for sure.

CITIZEN.

(Looking up from his paper.)

I don't like the sound of this. Did you notice they are moving troops to Washington to prevent assassination?

SECOND CITIZEN.

There have been rumors all along that there would be an attempt to kill him.

SERENA.

O, he mustn't be killed.

SMALL BOY.

Who's going to be killed?

HIS MOTHER.

SH, you must be still. What did I tell you before you came?

CITIZEN.

I tell you, this country as a whole has no conception of what honest Abe Lincoln is like.

SECOND CITIZEN.

That's so, they can't understand him as we can for we know him.

(Chorus from everyone, "He's our friend, that's it.")

PREACHER.

I tell you the hand of God is directing these events.

CITIZEN.

(Kindly.)

Is that so?

PREACHER.

Yes, I've come miles to see him this morning because God has appointed him. I opened the good book and I saw Isaiah, nineteenth chapter, twentieth verse, "It shall be for a sign and for a witness unto the Lord of Hosts in the land of Egypt for they shall send cry unto the

Lord because of oppression and he shall send them a Saviour and a great one and he shall deliver them."

CITIZEN.

What do you make of that.

PREACHER.

Just one thing. We have been in an awful tight place. We've been crying out for help. Look at that convention. Every one pulling forty ways for Sunday, nobody had any idea of Honest Old Abe being elected. "And he shall send them a Saviour and a great one." I tell you, brothers and sisters, the Lord sent us Abraham Lincoln to deliver us.

(Lincoln and his party appear coming slowly from the station. He is preceded by Mr. Wood. People speak to him and many shake his hand as he comes past the crowd. Serena grasps his hand.)

SERENA.

Do you remember me, sir? I am glad to see this day.

LINCOLN.

(Studies her face a moment.)

Yes, Indeed I do. Good morning. *(Shakes hands.)*

SERENA.

(As he passes on.)

It was a warning.

(He mounts the steps of the car and the people stand on either side. His party enter the car and he is alone standing at the end of the platform. At first he cannot speak, women cry, then he begins huskily his speech.)

My friends. No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I can not succeed. With that assistance, I can not fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

(At the close of the speech the whistle sounds, the bells ring, and it is apparently time for the train to move. The small boy who was hushed by his mother rushes forward and climbs up on the rear platform, hanging on the rear railing he reaches over and shakes hands with Lincoln who surveys him kindly and stands there a melancholy figure as the scene fades out.)

(CURTAIN.)

THE MASQUE OF A HUNDRED YEARS 1818-1918

TO BE USED AS THE FIFTH ACT IN THE PAGEANT OF ILLINOIS

PREFACE

THE MAIN EFFECT of this Masque depends upon the time in which it is played, for it should not drag but move with a swift impressive rhythm, and the perfection of the lighting arrangements, if produced at night.

The lines are to be spoken, chanted and sung, all of which is easily determined in the directions.

While designed for production at night when the artistic effects of lighting would be an added charm, it would with a few changes be possible to give this Masque in the early dusk when the fading light is soft and gives wonderful beauty to the production.

Starting the Pageant at five o'clock on an afternoon in June would bring this at the best time of day. It will be noted too that while arranged for out of door production it can be produced in a theatre or large auditorium. The caste is planned for a large number, but this can be reduced by having the 100 Years of Illinois play the Counties of Illinois and using persons who have been in the other Episodes.

The scene is a woodland one. Accross the stage two thirds of the way from the front is a row of pillars with an arched central opening giving the effect of a peristyle. The pillars are really transparencies but this is not apparent at first. The pillars are wreathed with green. Time, a glittering, golden figure, stands on top of the peristyle directly over the archway. He wears a winged cap, there are wings on his feet and by his litheness and suppleness he suggests Mercury.

Persons of the Masque

TIME.

THE HUNDRED YEARS OF ILLINOIS.

THE 102 COUNTIES OF ILLINOIS.

THE 32 CITIES OF ILLINOIS.

GROUPS REPRESENTING THE TOWNS AND SETTLEMENTS.

LEARNING, FOLLOWED BY THE 102 COUNTIES OF ILLINOIS.

LABOR, FOLLOWED BY THE 32 LARGEST TOWNS OF ILLINOIS.

LOVE, FOLLOWED BY THE SPIRIT OF ART, THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION LEADING.

IGNORANCE.

THE FOLLOWERS OF IGNORANCE.

TRUTH.

THE UNCOUNTED YEARS OF ILLINOIS.

TIME.

I am Time, Eternal youth, eternal age,
I would claim of a century its toll.
A hundred jewels
I gave a child one day
A hundred jewels
From scar or blemish free,
To please her fancy
And use as she devised
By gems of magic bright.

(The lights come on across the entire peristyle showing the tops of the columns across which is passing and re-passing a living bas-relief of one hundred children, dressed in light tints with unbound hair. Half of them come up the steps from the left, pass across the top of the columns and down on the other side. Half ascend the steps on the right and they all chant as they go

We are the years, the years, the years,
We are the hundred years of Illinois.

A great burst of music and directly back of the center entrance but with some distance between, what has seemed, if noticed at all to be a great rock covered with leaves and branches, is illuminated and shows forth the outline of the state. It is really the back center entrance, and through it comes Illinois, a beautiful, mature woman dressed in shades of blue with gold trimmings. She stands in the archway.)

ILLINOIS.

I come, I come, I would be swift,
O Time and gather your golden hours.

TIME.

I seek to know what you have done, O Illinois
With jewels rich and rare I gave to you one day.
A hundred years so perfect, true they were.
Your story would I hear, the past and present judge,
Tomorrow cometh never save you build today
On gleaming beams of beauty that were yesterday.

ILLINOIS.

Your jewels rare,
Your hundred years, are spent, are gone,
Like flame in the wind, like waves in the sea,
But judge, O Time what they brought to me.

TIME.

Show, show,
I would behold.

ILLINOIS.

Not all my days have passed in peace
But still the struggle lifteth me.

(There is a chorus of snarls, cries, groans, and shouts with flashes of smoke off stage on either side.)

A demon lurks forever near
With him I war unto the death
His evil name is Ignorance.

TIME.

Be brief and tell of the battle you wage,
My glass runs out, it will not stop
For one by one the moments pass
I must count them all.

ILLINOIS.

For all I am, for all I am to be
I owe my friends and staunch allies
To them I call, I call, I call.

(Her cry is taken up by Learning who advances through the center entrance carrying the lamp of Instruction in her hand. She is a noble figure dressed in shades of dark red with silver trimmings.)

LEARNING.

Hail, all hail,
At thy command
Your servants rise like fire.

ILLINOIS.

A hundred years I've fought with Ignorance
He bringeth slavery, he bringeth sin,
Against him go my stout and strong allies
Behold and hear the first, great Learning comes.

LEARNING.

I fight for Illinois.
In every county that she hath,
In them I build my halls,
All secrets rare of soil and sky,
All knowledge stored in books,
All marvels yet to be devised,
It is for these I strive
It is for these I will attain
And ignorance shall fall.
O Illinois your riches see!

(The lights glean out behind the transparent pillars and through each one as through an entrance come the 102 counties of Illinois, they dance forward, ten from each pillar except in two cases where there are

eleven. Learning stands in the archway as the counties dance. They are dressed in shades of yellow, not decided colors but a blending of all shades.)

(During the dance of the counties, Time is obscured, but at the close he again flashes forth. The counties are grouped on either side of the stage.)

TIME.

You promise well
Show more, show more.

(The cries arise without as Illinois speaks.)

ILLINOIS.

I call, I call, upon my second brave ally,
Once more I am beset with dangers dire and fell.
O Labor, come and fight for me with Ignorance.

(Labor, a noble figure, appears in the doorway.)

LABOR.

I come, O Illinois to drive the evil far,
In every city, town and settlement I work
Against the foe with industries huge and vast.
I make you steel with which to fling the shining rails
Across your lands, I build you cunning cars of strength
With which to harvest golden wealth of grain,
I help you feed the hungry hordes of all the world,
I dig within the earth and mine your stores of ore,
Before my strength our enemy Ignorance goes down.
Behold your cities, towns, and settlements are here
Now let the dastard cowardly foe appear.

(Labor blows his trumpet and the procession of cities, 32 in number, comes in stately march from the center entrance. They pass by the powerful figure of Labor who stands with uplifted hand on the central steps to the right. They pass down the steps alternately going to the right and left until the 32 cities have passed, there are groups too representing the smaller towns. Learning is at the extreme right front, Labor at the extreme left front.)

CHICAGO.

(Representing I Will.)

O Mother state,
Your cry hath reached me,
We come, I from the lakes,
I bring you energy undreamed
O'er Ignorance my power is what "I will."

FIRST GROUP—*(The leaders of each group speaks.)*

We from the rivers
Bring commerce rich and great.
Peoria, Rock Island, Quincy, Alton, Cairo, Rockofrd,
East St. Louis, Aurora, Moline, Freeport, Elgin,
LaSalle.

SECOND GROUP.

We from the prairies
Have magic forces
To use against the foe.
Bloomington, Belleville, Lincoln, Canton, Galesburg,
Decatur, Joliet, Jacksonville, Danville, Kankakee,
Streator, Mattoon.

FOURTH.

I from the capital, Springfield
Will rise to save our Sovereign State.

FOURTH.

And we, Waukegan, Oak Park, Evanston, Chicago
Heights and Cicero.

(Again the cry arises.)

ILLINOIS.

Our enemy is at the gate, he rises here, he rises there,
We put him down, he springs anew, where is our third
and last ally?

(Music peals and a radiant figure with wings stands at the center entrance, Chorus of every one, "Love comes, love comes.")

LOVE.

I come, O Illinois, to wield my gifts for you.
To conquer, to overcome this deadly dweller of the night
With Learning and with Labor united be,
I bring a charm triumphant over Ignorance.
The spell of beauty do I weave with mystic snare,
It hath a subtle, strange influence none withstand.
I seek to keep the beauty of your fields and farms,
I hope to build a city fairer than a dream
Where now there stands each smoking mart of trade.
I gave you once upon your shining inland sea
A vision splendid, all the world in rapture gazed.
For you I summon here, my spirits beautiful.
They were, they are, they yet will be your treasury.

(Through each pillar comes a sprite of beauty, the spirit of the White City, the World's Columbian Exposition comes through the center entrance and these graceful, radiant creatures dance. They should be

dressed in shimmering soft colors and be the best dancers. The spirit of the White City should be in silvery white. When done they dance back and take their places, one in each pillar, the leader on the steps at the center with LOVE.*)*

ILLINOIS.

LEARNING—LABOR—LOVE.

With you I dare,
With you I hope,
With you I shall achieve.

(As she speaks they mass themselves about her, Illinois who stands slightly at the right front and addresses Time.)

Now let him come, my cities, towns and counties strong,
We fight the demon, we show the strength of our desires,
The glory of our dreams.

(There is a great shout, flame, smoke, and the stage goes dark. When the lights come once more and the cloud of smoke lifts, Ignorance in trappings of black is seated high on a black horse...About him cluster his followers...They stand facing Learning, Labor and Love who are with Illinois. The towns, counties, and cities are tense with excitement. His followers are hideous shapes, horrid gnomes and all manner of evil appearing characters. Time is obscured.)

IGNORANCE.

I defy you,
My slaves and I,
I am lord, I am master.
Ho-o-o-o-o. *(He breaks into horrible laughter.)*

ALL HIS SLAVES.

We are your slaves,
We are your slaves,
We are the sons of Ignorance.
(Their speech ends in snarls and growls.)

TIME.

(Who suddenly blazes forth on top of peristyle.)

My glass runs out,
Your years are sped,
The tale is told,
O, Illinois!
The end has come.

ILLINOIS.

Not yet, not yet,
It cannot be.

IGNORANCE.

I win, I win.

CHORUS OF HIS FELLOWERS.

We win, we win, we win.

ILLINOIS.

Back, you shall not prevail.

IGNORANCE.

Your day is done.

ILLINOIS.

(To Time.)

Give me more years, more years,
I'll seek the fiend and fight him 'till he dies.
Sons and daughters have I like the stars of dawn,
Lo, I give hostage to the future that tomorrow shall not lack
Because we shirk the duty of today.
To this I pledge my faith.
Give me more years, more years.

(The scene darkens and a cry goes up from Illinois and her attendants. "More years, O Time, more years," The powers of Ignorance laugh and the two sounds mingle strangely. For a moment Time is seen then he fades out, the plea continues, so does the laughter.)

LEARNING.

O Time, progress is the law of God,
Failures must not be repeated.

LABOR.

He does not die
Who makes heroic sacrifice.

LOVE.

He does not live,
Who gives not to the service of his kind.
Give us more years.

(The lights flare on showing the uncounted years, straight and tall standing across the top of the peristyle. With Time stands the figure of Truth holding a shining sword. The evil forces would flee and they begin to crouch, to slink away in the shadows, but Ignorance stands firm.)

TIME.

Here are the years uncounted
The future shall bring to you.

ILLINOIS.

O thanks to thee,
All praise is thine.

TIME.

Illinois, thou shalt be,
Keystone of
The arch
Truth shall rear
To make men free.

(Illinois raises her arms in prayer, she is still surrounded by Love, Labor and Learning. The Sword of Truth drops into her hands. She holds it aloft and advances toward Ignorance who turns in terror to flee.)

CHORUS. . . *(Arises)*

The sword of truth,
The sword of truth,
Has come,
Has come
To make men free.

(The uncounted years who are really a choir sing out as the lights softly fade away.)

"Not without thy wondrous story" *(or whatever patriotic songs are desired.)*

*(*CURTAIN.*)*

At the close of the Masque the grouping should be as follows. The counties of Illinois ranged on either side. Illinois center addressing Truth. Learning and Labor at extreme right and left. The cities, towns, and settlements of Illinois grouped about Labor. Love with the Spirit of the World's Columbian Exposition as her attendant at center, the spirits of Beauty standing one in each pillar, which is lighted, and Time and Truth over the center opening.